threw off and piled up the wraps in which since early morning, so that there was not the slightest chill in the room. The whole party were in tip-top spirits. They were just cold enough to be ready to dance to warm their feet. They had breathed in fore them hours upon hours of undiluted

make any contretemps, while it did make a good deal of good-natured fun. Thus, in aint of fact the number which Sarah Parris drew was 27, which would have put her well down the line of dancers. But Ruth Crowinshield, who drew No. 1, came to Sarah at once, and said that she hoped she would exchange

numbers with her-that she was herself a little tired and cold, and would rather sit by the fire for a few minutes, and not be obliged to begin quite as soon as the others. Our pretty Sarah was not unused to such negotintions. She well appreciated the courtesy by which Ruth recognized the truth, that he would guide the set better than a more inexperienced person would do, and, after due courtesy on both sides, the exchange was made. Of course, as the reader will say the men's No. 1 fell upon a certain Mr. Bellamy, from the West Indies, about whom the girls had been disposed to make a great deal of fun, as if he were stupid or awkward Accordingly Mr. Bellamy took Miss Sarah to the head of the dance, and other couples fell in almost immediately. All were a little curious to know what dance the manager would name. The manager was of course Harry Curwen. He named "The Country Bumpkin," with distinct malice toward Mr. Bellamy. For it was supposed that the dance would be the special favorite of a "person of fine form and graceful figure," and Harry Curwen chose to imagine that Mr. Bellamy had neither. But it was clear at once, to all men and angels, that Mr. Bellamy must have had certain advantages, either in Philadelphia or Barbadoes or London or some where, which had made him quite the equal of any of the Salem beaux in his various curvettings. If there had been any expects tion of showing him at a disadvantage, Mr Harry Curwen was disappointed.
But it is no part of this little story to go

into the ins and outs of the various dances of that jolly afternoon. The twilight, of course, fell almost at once. Mr. Beers and his assistants lighted one set of candles, and the young people saw with satisfaction that another set were left unlighted for a relay as the night should wear on. Dance followed after dance, partner after partner exchanged lots tell wrong. Harry Curwen yielded the management to one and another friend, who had, or supposed he had, personal purposes to advance by this temporary control, and by one exchange or bit of good fortune or another, it happened that Harry and Sarah Parris danced together four or five times as the evening and the night went When the first set of candies had burned nearly to the hoops that held them, a lively march from the black musicians announced that it was time to march out to supper. The whole party moved in proces-Harry Curwen and Sarah Parris-and this to no modest bit of ice and sherbet, but to long, well-spread boards, resting on trestles, loaded with the substantial food which the kitchen of Madam Beers had been preparing now for 36 hours, since the swift messenger brought the news from Salem of the ride. And there were appetites quite of the heroic order, ready for the feast. There were cups of tea from vintages such as only Salem merchants could have turnished from their most secret stores. Neither ladies nor gen-tlemed declined flip, which was brought in hot from minute to minute. Nobody, let it be said, drank more of the tempting stimulant than was good for him; and after half an hour or more of such refreshment, they returned, like so many playful giants, to the scene of their amusement. Four hours more of stiff dancing and Harry Curwen, mounting upon the seat of an arm-chair which he drew from a corner, announced, in a mock-heroic speech, that he was sorry to say that the dance was at an end. The ladies rushed upstairs, that they need not hinder their attendants; the gentlemen found their boots, went out to the stables and assisted in harnessing their own horses; and so, by the light of a half moon, which was just rising up as they stood upon the steps of the tayern, they started upon their meward ride. And now there was more singing than ever, everything was gay, and the different gentlemen bade the ladies good-bye on the steps of one and another hospitable home in Salem, it was agreed that there never had been so successful sleigh ride since the memory of man.

What passed between Sarah Parris and Harry Curwen on this ride this writer cannot tell. This is because he does not know. But he does not believe that anything passed which the excited novel reader would call critical. He thinks that the talk was now grave and now gay, now personal and now rambling over the other fringes of the entertainment in which the two had been directors. Sometimes Harry Curwen would skirmish up to the very edge of finding out how far Miss Parris was enraged, and ther the young man, who was not after all so skillful as he thought he was, would find that they were talking about the blue ribbons on Miss Crowninshield's dress. Sometimes he fancied that the inevitable scolding which he knew he deserved was going to come, and just then they would emerge from the wood through which they had been riding, and the glory of the moonlight upon the ice below them would call out one of her enthusiastic shouts of joy, and she would compel him to join her in wonder that the world could be so beautiful. On the whole, as she gave him both hands in bidding him goodby, Harry Curwen felt that all would be well in the future between them, and he drove his span of bays to the stable and gave his last orders to Knapp, the hostler, much more cheerfully than he had given them in the morning, when he had gone around to be sure that the equipage would be ready in time.

## CHAPTER IL.

A NEW DEPARTURE. Perhaps Sarah Parris, as she gave both hands to Harry, and as she turned and went upstairs, did not consider that the "incident was exhausted" as entirely as he did. But with the same self-control which she had exercised ever since the announce- arrived at the house of Parson Cutler, did. But with the same self-control which ment of the sleigh ride she held herself on pleasant thoughts of the various successes of the party, and fairly laughed aloud, as to her poor sleepy aunt she told its brief his-parson had had time to make the inquiry parson had had time to make the inquiry which she wished, his answer came to the tory. For, as the girl went to her own bed-room, she stopped for a moment to tell Mrs. patient girl.

of flip or of rossted turkey, whether of they had been protected, appearing, like so many butterflies coming out of their winter homes, in all the lightness of muslin and its decorations, ready for the dance in the great hall. At each end of the hall was a fire of oak logs, which had been kept going since early morning as that the state of the country bumpkin' or of the country bumpkin bumpkin bumpkin bumpkin bumpkin bumpkin bumpkin bum ner. The girl started with amazement that she had slept all the morning. Such a thing had never happened since she was born. party were in tap-top spirits. They were just cold enough to be ready to dance to warm their feet. They had breathed in ozone, or oxygen, or whatever it is that gives life, till every nerve and pulse was aglow. All animosities or jealousies with which they might have started were forgotten, and they had, and knew they had, betained the elegance of manners which he had picked up when he was with the fleet had picked up when he was with the fleet before Louisburg, asked her, as he always did, who was the belle. And to the admiring group of aunt and grandaunt, grandunched with surprise; dear Aunt Huldah threw her lected. Suffice it to say, that, by the generous equality of Democracy, which had taken the place of the condescensions of ante-Revolutionary times, the ladies drew lots for the head of the dance. For certain purposes connected with the dance, similar lots were then drawn for the gentlemen, and as everybody knew everybody, there were no linconveniences in this arrangement. But it inconveniences in this arrangement. But it soon appeared that, by processes, which need not be explained to this reader, the right gentleman and the right lady danced with each other pretty much as they would, and the arbitrary decision of the lot did not when the decision of the lot did not would be recommended by the results of the ral outgrowth of a night of good sleep, and of sound health well fed and indulged in plentiful supplies of oxygen and exercise? Or was there in it, not noticed even by those

who loved her, the least possible element, just a flavor of defiance? Was here the staunch, stout determination of a brave girl, who had highly determined that she would measure herself against the world, and meant to begin by showing to the world that she would take hold of the first duty which came along, and would do it thoroughly well? Who shall say? Not this writer. Only this is sure, that after the generous with personal care, after lounging a little with the rest in the great parlor, Miss Sarah excused herself in the rather formal fashion of that day, and found her way to her own bedroom, where, in the indulgence which waited on all her wishes there, she was per-

mitted to keep always her own fire.

As if she were tore-ordained to do this thing, as if she were the daughter of Jephtha advancing in a sort of triumph to the altar she crossed the room to the table where her Bible lay, she took from a drawer a little ink bottle and uncorked it, drew from another drawer a large sheet of paper, such as people used in those days of enormous postages, and began to write. She addresses her letter to Mr. Manasseh Cutler, who is gratefully remembered in our time, as being one of the handful of men who made the first arrangements for planting Ohio. Sarah Parris to Manasseh Cutter.

want to be sure to go as soon as the soonest go.

My dear Mr. Cutler, I can never thank you
enough for your kindness to my poor mother
and to my brothers, as you see that I trust to
that same kindness now.

Your own little girl,
SARAH PARRIS. The girl wrote without the slightest hesitation, and in fact the letter had burned it-self into her mind before she began. For really, she had been thinking of it for these two days, and it was the certainty that she was going to take this stroke, and to cut herself off from all the lite she had been living up till now, which had given that sort of calmness and decision to her movements even in preparing for the frolic and in the frolic itself, which afterward all her friends emembered. But she did not propose to take into her confidence, even now, her uncles or her aunts, or indeed anybody in the household. It would be time enough for that when the good parson's letter came. Sarah Parris had indeed the right to make her own determination where she would go and where she would live. The girl hardly remembered her father, who had never recovered from the exposure which he had gone through at Valley Forge in the terrible winter there. With her mother she had been almost a sister, and the death of her mother, when she was herself but 17, or 18 years old, had made a mark in her character which was never effaced. But, as perhaps the reader has seen already, the girl was sprightly and brave, and knew how to take life on the best terms. She had come as soon as her mother died to the home of her dear Aunt Huldah; she had entered nto the life and duties of the home with heart and spirit, and she knew that she was ndeed one of the family so long as she chose to stay there. But, really, she had never meant to stay there always and live the listless

life of a petied niece. She knew very well that if she had discussed this with her aunt or uncle they would have urged her to stay. They would have said that she was of use to them with the younger children, and all this was true. But there was an element of adventure in her blood, she was not disposed to live in this world without seeing ore of it than she had seen in Wenham or in Salem; and in the 48 hours which had passed before the sleigh ride on St. Valen-tine's Day, she had determined that she might as well cut the knot of her destiny now as ever. In this determination she had written to her old friend, Manasseh

Cutler. When the letter was written she made no hesitation nor delay. She read it over to be sure of her spelling and punctuation, folding it in a way in which no girl in this century could fold, but in a way which was one of the accomplishments of a lady or gentlemen then; sealed it as no girl of this generation could seal it, but as every lady and gentleman was trained to seal it then, and then addressed it. She put no stamp upon it, for there had not been a stamp in America since 1763, and would not be for a generation after. She did not dare carry it to the postoffice, for if she had been seen to out it in the box, all Salem would have been discussing that evening the question whom Sarah Parris had written to, and what she had said. It was necessary for her to wait till night before she confided it to the se-crecy of the public mail. But, so soon as the sunset, she put on her hood and mantle and walked down to the village. She bought herself some trifles in the little shop which was kept in the House of Seven Gables and returning, quite after dark, passed the post-office and so put her letter in the open slit at the door. When the postmaster appeared at 9 o'clock in the morning, and handled the five letters which he found in the box, he looked at her bold writing without recognizing it, shook the letter and held it to the light, but was not able even then to tell his wife who wrote one letter out of his mail of that day. The letter was car-ried to Newburyport to wait its chances for

which was perhaps ten miles from that of

Chipman that all was well and that they had all returned safely after a "perfectly splendid time."

The reader may believe it or not, but true it is that the good girl undressed herself quickly, did not stop a moment to look out at the moon, knelt by her bedside and repested her accustomed prayer, and in less than a minute was sound asleep. If the ride and conversation with Harry Curwen had seemed to her in any sense critical, the crisis was not one which hindered much the regular course of her healthy life. Nor had she any dreams which she remembered, whether of sleigh-bells or of sunset, whether

miles, she might be sure of comfort; at a events, she would be sure of safety. When it was announced, in family coun-cil, that Sarah had a letter by mail, the excitement was equal to that which would have been felt in any well established household in Salem to-day if a large square box had been sent from the English steame in Boston marked "By Order of the Queen, and left by the American express at the door. Probably Sarah Parris had never had five letters by mail in her life, and probably, indeed, the women of the household would not receive five in the next two years. She had expected the excitement which the letter would cause, and when it was at last brought up to her from her uncle's store on the wharf, from which tidings of its arrival had already been rewas going away forever. What had hap pened was this: that she was determined to see more of the world; they had often laughed about it, and in their laughing about it she had been more serious than they had thought. She was determined to go now, and they would see how she was going. Thus she broke the letter open, and revealed to them its contents.

Of course it was not long before the whole

of Salem knew her secret. There was no reason why it should be secret, and the girl had faced this possibility as she had faced all the rest of the adventure. The passage in it which had the one thrill for her of keen excitement was the inevitable visit from Harry Curwen.
That visit came at 8 o'clock in the even-

ing of the day of the arrival of the letter. Harry came into the room playing with his little cane, and affecting to be in light spirits, but Aunt Huldah knew, and Sarah knew, that this was but affectation, did not so much as take off his coat. said at once: "I thought, perhaps, Sarah, you would walk with me. The roadway is dry, the night is lovely, and I have something I

want to say to you."

He was too intimate in the house to be afraid to be frank, and in two minutes the girl was with him in the street. Then he was eager; then he was passionate. Why had she done such a thing as this, without letting him have a word? Had he not some rights that nobody else had? And the girl, with dignity, said that she did not know that he had, and did not know why he should claim any: to which Have replied should claim any; to which Harry replied in an eager protestation of his affection. He supposed that she understood that he Salem, February 16 1790.

My Dear Mr. Cutter.—I come to you to claim your promise sooner than you supposed that she was like a girl in a book, and though we parted in joke I am now writing in earnest. I have made up my mind to go to the Muskingum. I told you that I should. Will you make inquiry for me, and find some family whom you like who are going, and who would be willing to take me with them as one of their party? Do not be afraid but that I can bear rough life as well as anybody. I shall be no trouble to anyone, and I will do my share of the work on the way.

When we come to the settlement it will be time for me to see if they want me to teach the school. Very likely they have somebody much better fitted than I: but it will be hard if I cannot make myself of use, as my poor mother would have been proud to have me do; and if the worst comes to the worst, I can return again to Essex county.

I am wholly in earnest in what I write, and I want to be sure to go as soon as the soonest go.

My dear Mr. Cutter, I come to you to calm he could live without her, and did not pretend he could live without her, and did not pretend he could live without her, and supposed that she was like a girl in a book, who wanted to see him on his knees, or to hear any protestations in words. But he had tried to show in a thousand ways that her pleasure was his pleasure, and that he pleasure was his pleasure, and that her pleasure was his pleasure, and that the withent her, the had tried to sho could not live without her, and did not pre-

none the less sincere?

It would not be fair to say that Sarah
Parris was not affected by the dignity
which, after all, this spoiled child managed to throw into his protestations of attach-ment. It would not be fair to say that she was not proud, that at last he had made the protest which he had been so sluggish in making, and which he had been willing to leave unmade. But if she was proud, or if in any way she were pleased, she did not let him know that. She simply said he had no right to presume upon any good nature of hers. She said that they all lived in a sim-ple life, as he had said, and that he had no more regard than she would have shown to anyone else with whom she was on friendly terms of daily intimacy.

The poor boy interrupted her to say that he made no charge at all. Then she went on to say that she was hop ored, as any woman might be honored, by what he was pleased to say to her; but with a good deal of dignity, and with words which he never forgot, she said that he had no right, and she thought he had no right, to ask any woman to be his wife. She told him that he was a spoiled child; she told him that he lived merely to amuse him-self; she told him that if in amusing himself he played with other people, he did not seem to care a great deal; she told him, in short, that he had no right to ask any woman to marry him while he was a butterfly playing around the life of the world, which he seemed to her to be. "I cannot see," said she, "that you are of any use to anybody; I do not see that this world is better that you live in it. I do not choose that my husband and men and say. 'I am doing some service to the country to which I belong.'" Such was, condensed only too severely for the purpose of this little tale, the subject of

the sharp dismissal which, in that night's walk, Master Harry Curwen received from Miss Sarah Parris. Continued Next Sunday. Copyright, 1889, by Edward Everett Hale,

Chicago Tribune. ] Seedy-looking Stranger (to proprietor of Dime Museum)-I am the only man in the country that predicted Harrison's Cabinet right. What am I worth to you per week?

Proprietor-You guessed it correctly, did Stranger-Called the turn on it exactly, two months ago. Here's the sheet of paper I wrote the names down on.

Proprietor (admiringly)—I couldn't af-ford to give what you're worth. But I have a brother who publishes a paper, and is looking for the right kind of a man to edit the circulation affidavits. Go and tell him your story.

Undoubtedly an Imposter.

Nebraska State Journal.] "What do you think of the gentlema from London who you were talking with last evening, Miss Azure?" "I don't believe that he was ever

"Why?" "I have a number of friends there and inquired about them, but he didn't know a ingle one."

Clear Proof.

Woman's World. 1 Merritt-Nice smoking jacket, that, Kind f your wife to make it for you. Young Husband-Why, how do you know my wite made it for me? Merritt-I notice that the buttons are

sewed down the wrong side. The Growing Popularity of the Farmhous



(We fear the Legitimate Drama will soon have to be presented as above.) Hamlet-Alas! poor Yorick!-wa-al, wa-al!

The Devices Employed by Miners at the South African Fields.

MAKING A DOG SWALLOW A GEM. Diamonds Sent to England Under the Skin of Live Powls and

SECRETED IN SHELLS OF A SHOTGUN

PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. In the old days the diamond fields of Kimberly, South Africa, presented a curious picture, a conglomeration of nationality, of license and order, of law and lawessness, that has probably never been gathered together in one place since the world began. Natives, Germans, Jews, French, Greek, English, Datch, Boers, Africanders (a detestable race, half Dutch, half native). Chinese, Bussian, and a few Americans, the Jews alone representing every nation of Europe. This motley throng jostled each other daily upon the main street, or around the mine, all busily employed in the race for wealth, the search for the small glittering stones that the earth was forced to yield up to their eager eyes and untiring hands. When the fields were first opened

"miners' law" prevailed; a man paid \$2 50 for his claim, and, staking it out, went to work, or employed natives to dig for him; if it was an old claim that he had bought, the same license was required to work it; he then sold his diamonds for what he liked, and where he could or wished. UNCORRUPTED NATIVES.

The natives in those days, newly intermixed with the whites, were the honest men of the community, and rendered up every stone they found, with very few exceptions. So largely did this uprightness obtain among them that a native servant employed in the house finding a diamond or money in the sleeping room of a man would seek the individual at the canteen or the mine, and holding out the find would say: "Here! Baas!" receiving as a reward 50 cents for a diamond and 25 cents for a gold piece or bill. With the growth of the industry, the rivalry in the search for diamonds became more and more intense, and the first shoots of dishonesty that sapped the upright nature of this golden age of the natives may be traced to the advent of unscrupulous brokers, who did not hesitate to waylay and importune the native workers to steal the diamonds, and sell the precious stones to the broker at a nominal minimum price. For a long time this went on unsuspected by the majority of the claim owners, and when found out by chance

A LIVELY TIME ENSUED. Every native was subjected to a most as they mostly worked nude. or nearly so, the chance for hiding the gems were limited, and the ears, mouth, nose and wool completed the hiding places possible, as a glance at the feet displayed the curled up toes which indicated the fact of something held between them. Added to this, the most strict surveillance was exercised over the doings of the natives both in and out of the mine; when in the mine each gang worked under the inspection of a trusted native, or of a white man who had gone "busted" in his own claim, or had sought the fields to try and work his way from the bottom upward. These inspectors watched every movement of the diggers, making the picking up of a stone without detection al-most an impossibility, and these inspectors were, in lurn, watched by other men, and under this double supervision the anxious

minds of the claim owners were in a measure SOME CLEVER DODGES. > Under this system innumerable dodges were tried by the natives, proving successful for a time, but in the long run discovered and exposed. The one great thread ered and exposed. The one great thread which opened the claim owners eyes, being the constant disappearance every day or so of some native, and the news gleaned some weeks later from newly arrived natives that the missing men had reached their kraal (village) up country, and were "buying cows," or, in other words, accumulating to themselves the currency of the tribes, which runs sight company (village) in the constant of the country and the constant of the country of the tribes, which runs in the country was the currency of the tribes, which runs in the country was the currency of the country of the

eight cows make one woman (wife), just as 100 cents make one dollar. Watching his work, the native would see a fairly large stone fall from a stroke of the pickax, or see one stuck upon the broken face of a piece of tufaceous limestone as it was thrown into the bucket that running on the cables conveyed it to the surface. Getting an opportunity he would manipulate it near his foot, pick it up with his toes, and work away for an hour until he saw a chance of getting it into his hand, and transferring it thence to his mouth or nose. Making an excuse to get in the bucket and reach the surface, he would mingle with the men and hide it some way, thrusting it into a dog's throat, and then watch the dog until he had a chance to kill it. Failing this he would thrust it into a goat's hair, or even at a pinch swallow it himself.

OTHER SMART TRICKS. Once started upon the course of deception, and giving himself up wholly to the corro-sive effect of civilized habits, the native speedily passed his teachers, and became a postmaster in the art of duplicity. Water pails had small holes bored in their staves, making a kind of pocket, into which a small diamond could be slipped by a native pre-tending to drink; a slur from his earthy hand effectually covering up the hole. When the pail reached the surface, the diamonds were extracted by the water car-rier, who was in collusion with the workers, and were sold to some of the unscrupule brokers.

Another smart trick was found out by ac

cident. A native who was suspected of secreting diamonds was watched, but without success; they could never catch him, until one day a sharp-eyed inspector saw through his method. He went into the mine naked, like the others, and came out with his pickaxe on his shoulder, sub-mitted to being overhauled without a murmur. He had taken his pickaxe, and where the handle passed through the head he had very artistically hollowed out the wood cen-ter, and filled the shallow orifice with moist ter, and filled the shallow orifice with moist clay; he would work along steadily until he saw what he fancied was a diamond on the falling earth, and then the head of the tool would suddenly get loose, and have to be dumped upon the ground to tighten it, taking care to do so in such a manner as to bring the clay over the diamond and pick it up. He would pass the searcher without fear of detection, as every dump would but increase the security of the stone. LICENSING THE BROKERS.

At last it was found that nothing would stop the peculations of the natives; the eato'-nine-tails at the triangles rather served to scare the new native help away than to correct those who were working; prison was no punishment, and the claim owners, in despair, turned their attention to the chan-nel they should have struck at first. The governing body passed a law that every dealer in diamonds, whether a buyer every dealer in diamonds, whether a buyer or a seller, should take out a license costing \$500, or, in default, if saught dealing in any way, should be subjected to a heavy fine and imprisonment for two years, which mentence carried great weight, not so much owing to the incurred disgrace as to the loss of valuable time, it being the opinion of most men at the fields that the bottom must be a subject of the support of the s soon drop out, and that the supply of dia-monds could not last forever. The same law also provided that no diamonds should leave the camp with an unlicensed person except by special permit, thus preventing the selling of stones by unlicensed digger

the Legitimate Drama will soon at the sealing of stones by unlicensed diggers or traders at the seaport town.

This came down with sledge hammer force upon the unlicensed whites, who, still getting the stones from the natives, could not sell them to the licensed brokers (as the selles feared being handed over to the

authorities, and the buyer was afraid of a trap) neither could they boldly board the stage or bullock wagon without submitting to a regular customs house inspection.

NEW SCHEMES INVENTED. Still, however, the illicit trade went on, and so great were the attractions of excitement and gain that it held out, that numbers of well-bred men, belonging to families of high repute in Europe, were drawn into its embrace, caught and suffered their term of

imprisonment without their friends at home ever hearing of it.

With the coming into force of this law was the formation of a preventive force, to which I, in common with a goodly number of others, was appointed; and this gave me an insight into a great many queer tricks that were tried with varying success.

One man had a large shaggy dog that he set great store by, and making about three set great store by, and making about three journeys to the coast every year, always took the animal along with him? Suspicion pointed to the man, but nothing could be definitely proved, until one of our men, playing with the dog one day, discovered that he was covered with a number of recently healed scars, which the owner said were the result of sand-fly sores. We, however, were rather too conversant with those ever, were rather too conversant with those pests not to recognize their marks at sight. On his next trip the owner was overhauled, and no less than 30 fairly sized stones were found hid in a number of incisions in the dog's skin, the edges of which had been allowed to heal over the stones. These were lowed to heal over the stones. These were all placed in the portions of the body most difficult for the animal to scratch.

GUNS LOADED WITH DIAMONDS. When this scheme was exposed, the au thorities at the coast seized upon the idea, and by close inspection found that disand by close hispection found that the monds were being conveyed to Europe skilfully sewn under the skin of living fowls, birds and animals generally, which were transported as zoological specimens as gifts

to the various collections.

One man left the fields, and upon being followed and overtaken, pretended he was out hunting, and as we came up with him, coolly put his gun to his shoulder and shot a bird sailing overhead, remarking as we came up: "I don't suppose that bird has any diamonds under his skin, has he?" We went through him, and finding nothing let went through him, and finding nothing let him go. Some time afterward we learned that the two shells he slipped into his gun after firing it were loaded with diamonds instead of powder and shot, and, although the butt had been tested and the ammunition in his belt inspected, no one thought of looking at the two cartridges in the barrels. Soon after this the same man was caught at Soon after this the same man was caught at the coast with two shotguns among his bag-gage for Europe, both of them being loaded to the muzzle with diamonds, held in their place by a wad inserted as though to keep

HIDDEN IN BOOKS AND BOOTS.

The greatest haul we ever made was with a book agent; he came into the fields with a wagon and team of oxen, and sold books to every one, staying there quite a while; when he left we found 17 of his books had a cunhe left we found 17 of his books had a cun-ning receptacle in the cover, made by hol-lowing it out, filling it with diamonds and plugging the end with paper pulp. One of our men picked up a volume to look at it and hearing something rattle, discovered the trick. There were over \$100,000 in dia-

monds in his possession.

A Dutch Boer, who came to the fields to sell ostrich feathers, filled the quills of his surplus stock with the stones, and tied the ends over so naturally no one would have dreamed they had ever been opened, and the quills being black in their natural state preserved the deception. These were only small stones, and although there were a number of them, they did not mount to any large sum, comparatively speaking.

Another clever trick was tried by a man who had been a shoemaker, and who still preserved his tools. He fixed some hollow boot heels to a number of shoes, filled them with diamonds, and passing inspection, boarded the stage and drove off. Six hours after he was gone, a woman whom he had been drinking with gave the thing away be-cause he refused to take her along. We had a long and weary chase, and a dangerous ing, and we had not, and to get foundered on the veldt (prairie) meant considerable hardship, if not death. We caught up with them at last, and made him stare by asking him to get down, while we went for his boots. WILF. P. POND.

SUICIDE OF SCORPIONS.

De Sunkes Put an End to Their Lives When Faced by Danger? The question as to whether scorpions and snakes put an end to their lives when faced by danger, without prospect of escape, has long been a debatable one with naturalists. Some time ago the observations of several persons in India on the subject were given in this column, in which cases where both scorpions and the larger snakes had been known to deliberately commit suicide were stated with great directness.

Lately M. Serge Noirkoff, of Constantinople, gave another instance of the sort in the pages of La Nature. He caught halt a dozen of these creatures, he says, and deliberately put the question to the test. Arranging on the floor a circle of glowing charcoal, having no break in it, a scorpion was placed in the center. Although the circle was large enough to prevent the scor-pion being injured or even incommoded by the heat if it remained in the middle, the animal finding itself surrounded by fire, began to look about for the means of escape. began to look about for the means of escape.

At first its movements were slow, but soon its speed increased, and finally it raced in a frantic fashion around the inner circumference of the charcoal. After racing for some time in this manner, it retired to the center of the ring, and deliberately plung-ing its sting into its back put an end to its life in a few seconds, after a few convul-sive movements. The remaing five were tried successfully in the same way, and each with a like result

Some Critical Puns. Washington Critic. ]

Mr. Harrison should have sent Rice to China. Editors are being recognized officially. The President is a pious man who doesn't

propose to see the writeous forsaken. Colonel Grant and Mr. Lincoln will represent their Fatherland abroad. If any foreign authority attempts to impose upon our editorial diplomats they will proceed at once to "raise a club."

The Vulgar Tongue.



First Citizen-Soy, young feller, I kin do you up! See ? Second Citizen-Rata!!!



ON THE ROCK OF AGES Gail Hamilton Stands and Criticises

Mrs. Ward's Denial of THE INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

Its Truth - Virtually Conceded by Who Date Letters

ANNO DOMINI--- THE YEAR OF OUR LORD.

Christianity Easily and Cheaply Proven, Difficult to Disprove.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.1 The fact of the Incarnation is not affected by any philosophy of the Incarnation.

If Jesus Christ had descended from Joseph and Mary by ordinary generation it would have no relation whatever to the truth of the Incarnation. Humanity had no experience out of which to evolve any theory of a new order; nothing can be more flarrow than to limit the ways, the modes by which God shall enter His world, by which spirit force shall impress itself upon matter, by which the ever Immanent shall reveal itself to the finite. We have not to reveal itself to the finite. We have not to reveal itself to the finite. We have not to reveal itself to the finite. We have not to reveal itself to the finite. We have not to reveal itself to the finite. invent ways in which power would be likely to manifest itself. We have only to study the ways in which power has manifested itself. We are to study the Incarnation of mature for perpetuating life instead of being monopolized by the uniformity of sex are infinitely varied. But, so far as sex can be predicated of this world of asexual life, it is feminine. The asexual parent must be the unbroken sequences. tion as we find it in the unbroken sequences of nature, in the long history of man; as the old Andover founders put it, anticipating Mrs. Ward: that infallible Revelation which God constantly makes of himself in his works of creation, providence and re-

Mrs. Ward asserts that the grounds of Christianity are not philosophical, but literary and historical.

A part of this is true and a part false The grounds of Christianity are literary and historical. They are also philosophical Is they were not philosophical their literary and historical character would be insignifi-

For the present, however, let us consider Christianity on its literary and historical grounds. Let us view it as what Mrs. Ward says it is, solely "a question of docunents and testimony."

CHRISTIANITY IS TRUE.

The documents and the testimony, say Mrs. Ward, prove the Christian story false. To the man who has had the special train-ing required and in whom this training has not been neutralized by any overwhelming bias of temperament, the Christian story is proven false; is demonstrated to rest on a

tissue of mistake.

Considering the number and character of the persons who believe the Christian story, there is a certain infantine naivete abou this simple wholesale statement which has a tendency to disguise its crude intellectual arrogance. It seems incredible that one who has so much as touched the hem of the garment of Oxford culture could walk calmly over this yawning logical chasm and never know it. It is not necessary to go deeply into the theme in order to refute Mrs. Ward. She never goes deeply in. But it is easy to show that she is just as wrong as

f she were not superficial. if she were not superficial.

What is the special training required to prove the Christian story false? In Mrs. Ward's case it took a knowledge of Hebrew, Sanscrit and other oriental languages and 30 years' research into the records of India, Persia, Egypt, Judea and the Christian era. It will readily be seen that a demonstration of the Christian story is inaccessible to the great mass of humanity. We must take great mass of humanity. We must take the falsity of the Christian story on faith and on a good deal more faith than the Christian story requires. I venture to say there are not 100 men in America, I ques-tion if there are 100 men in England who have devoted the 30 years of research nec essary to this demonstration; while there are hundreds of men, there have been perhaps hundreds of thousands of men who have devoted life to the investigation and eluci-dation of the Christian story.

A POOR MAN'S CREED. The Christian story is spread before on eyes. No man so poor but he can buy the documents and read and judge for himself. The falsity of Christianity is demonstrated by documents which the vast majority of he human race, which the vast majority of Christendom have never seen, will never see, can never see. All the documents that prove Christianity false have not been able to secure from the master races of the world thousandth part of the scrutiny which has been lavished on the story of Christi-

A few, a very few years ago, a little book was discovered, a mere treatise of 2,190 words, and because it related to the first century after Christ the learned world sprang upon it with an eagerness that has already produced a library of comment. Already it is said the literature of that one little book, what it teaches, what it confirms, the light it throws on dark places has occupied the most original, the best fur-nished minds of the age. So far from there being any decline of interest in this cool, critical, unsuperstitious, evidence-weighing nineteeenth century, the literature of this late-found leaflet already exceeds that on any of the so-called Apostolic Fathers. Yet none the less blandly a little pale output of theological chickweed waves the

banner of the Oxford roses, and avers that Christianity is proven false; is demonstrated to rest on a tissue of falsehood. Considering Christianity as a question of documents, outside of itself what documents are in its favor? For one thing, everything.

Every book from the printing press, every newspaper at the breakfast table, every bill sent from the grocery, every bequest from the dead, every contract of the living bears witness to the truth of the Christian story. A GENERAL CONFESSION.

All the letters of affection, all the tele-grams of business, all the exact details of legal transaction are founded on the truth legal transaction are founded on the truin of Christ, and by their very date testify of His coming—Anno Domini—the year of our Lord. Nearly 2,000 years ago something happened in the East, something which happened without observation, but which had persistence and pervasiveness, which insinuated itself into the very framework of society till out of silence and suffering and society till out of silence and suffering and shame it has become the dominant idea of the dominant race of the world. Every man who reads or heeds December 25, 1888, January 1, 1889, confesses Christ, be he saint or sinuer, Jew or Gentile, Infidel or Rector, Tractarian or Radical.

The whole structure of the dominant civilization is not only based on but inwrought with the truth of the Christian story. If by any means the name and the story of Jesus Christ, everything which has come from it into the life of the world, could suddenly and completely be burned out of the memory and consciousness and record of man, society would be a chaos.

We cannot all spend 30 years among Per-

sian manuscripts and past ages, but there is a present European and American fact that must be met. It cannot be buried under any mass of legendary or oriental lore. It requires no learning to see that the stamp of Christ is on Christendom and that the stamp of Christendom is on the world. A Jewish peasant? Believe it who will. It is better to believe so much than not to see Christ at all. It is better to touch the hem of His beautiful garments than not to recognize in any way His benign and beneficent pres-ence. But to me that belief is but the substitution of an unmeaning unreasonable and degrading miracle for a philosophical, an ennobling and significant miracle. It sets a miracle, at odds with the unbroken sequences of nature and the long history of man, in the place of a miracle wholly in line with the sequences of nature and the history of man.

A SCIENTIFIC PROBLEM. The air teems with Messiahs. It is the testimony of the documents. Who stamped upon the human mind this divine expectation, wholly at variance with the unbroken sequences of nature? Whence came this idea of heavenly transmission, this instinct of the Holy Ghost, this aspiration for a higher order to crown the world's completion? For hundreds of years before Christ came, in what wide regions remote we find this hope, this aspiration, this presentiment of humanity in the direction of help from above, a more than mortal power sprung from earth's highest virgin purity vitalized from the unseen universe.

If the revelation of God in the long history of man is trustworthy must there not be some essential truth to meet this wide expectation?

expectation?
Science scoffs the possibility. Does science never hint the possibility? Are the sequences of nature unbroken? Science has spoken some significant words of late.

It is a common scientific statement that the laws governing the higher forms of life can be rightly comprehended only by an acquaintance with the lower and more formative types of being. In no problem is this more true than that of sex. It is not until we go below the invertebrate series and contemplate the invertebrate and vegetable worlds that we really begin to find the data for a philosophical study of

the meaning of sex.

This is the impartial major premise of contemplated, says science, as to all intents and purposes maternal. The genesis is parthenogenesis. The parthenogenetic parent is in all essential respects a mother. There are numberless cases in which the female form emptitudes the term of life.

form constitutes the type of life. NO LIMITS TO EVOLUTION It follows then-it is still science speaking, not I—that the argument from biology that the existing relations between the sexes in the human race are perfect and permanent, comprise all that nature ever intended and have no further significance, leads logically to about its Three are, leads logically to absurdity. Those who rightly interpret the facts cannot avoid learning that the relations of the sexes among the higher animals are widely ab-normal; that the female sex is primary in point both of origin and of importance,

point both of origin and of importance, in the history and economy of organic life. And as life is the highest product of nature, and human life the highest type of life, it follows that the grandest fact in nature is woman; that woman is the race! Evolution has no limits. If these princi-ples, laid down by science, are correct, in the far away ages of the lowest forms of life may be discerned the signs of the coming of the Son of Man. The unbroken sequences of nature, so far from disproving the Christ, foreshedow Him. foreshadow Him. The sequences of nature are broken to testify of Him. Far off His

oming shines.

The mystery of Christ's incarnation is no greater than the mystery of every incarna-tion; both are absolutely inscrutable. Science confesses herself no nearer the solu-tion of the problem to-day than she was at the beginning of time. But the one is in the order of nature we say.

How long an order? How wide a nature?

A point of time, a moment's space. For we see that even in this one little world of yesterday, the sequences are not unbroken. Even here nature herself points to a diviner If the Immanent had chosen to reveal Himself through the common ways it would have been none the less a revelation. Is it ess revelation if from the first throes of life to this nineteenth century, eyes that can see, nay, read the signs of a higher order, may see in the incarnation what the pro-toplasm meant, may read the mystery of re-demption in the riddle of the parthenogenetic sphynx; may discern along this one shining pathway how the unknown and

A LACK OF KNOWLEDGE. It is not breadth or culture or science but a lack of all which says that the order of yesterday, the order of to-day is the Eternal Order; that the order of here and the order of there is the Universal Order. But now that science herself confesses that the order of here is not the order of there, that the order of now is not the order of then, that argument should disappear forever from the

haunts of logic. From what we know of the long history of man, from the myths of the early ages to the news of the morning paper, from the Messiah of the Old Testament and the Christ of the New Testament emerging slowly out of shadow, ruling to-day in the heart and at the head of the world, I gather that when the fullness of time was come when the the fullness of time was come when the orderly evolution of life had reached the destined stage, the absolute energy, the Almighty God which had already at some previous unknown stage breathed into man and man alone the breath of divine life, imparted now to the divine life in man a new energy, advanced him by a fresh afflatus of the eternal love to loftier spiritual heights. Humanity, which had been already forever differentiated from the beast by the breath of a distinct life, received now the

seal of its consecration to spirit by the mani-festation of God in the flesh.

The incarnation of God in Christ was no more a miracle than was the incarnation of God in man; the individualizing of absolute force in limited personality. It was the same kind of miracle operating at a higher stage of evolution. Of the constitution of spirit we are utterly ignorant. Of the alliance between spirit and matter we know but the alphabet. We live on the shores of the spiritual ocean. Its invigorating breath is on our brows. Its surge sweeps at our feet. Its murmur, inarticulate but in-spiring, is in our ears. All that life has of worth or joy or hope is wafted to us in the breath of that immeasurable sea. But whither it bears us we cannot know till we

embark on its mysterious tide.

A WAVE OF ETERNAL LOVE. Foolish, false, trivial rumors of miraele no more invalidate miracle than false and foolish men forbid the dignity of humanity. Documents have their worth; but the exist ence of man upon the earth is not a matter of documents, and the existence of the earth prior to the advent of man upon it is not a matter of documents. Yet at some time between the two came a miracle. Whether it came suddenly in full measure or subtly in smaller measure matters not. There was a moment when human reason did not people the earth. There was another moment when human reason was astir. At the moment between when human reason came there was a miracle. Something was here that was not

here before. A new wave of the absolute force gever refluent overspread the earth. Such another wave from the eternal en-ergy, which is also—science teaches it eternal love-swept over the world so pow-erfully in Christ that it stands once for all in the long history of man as The Advent. A wave never spent, for when the humanity of Christ ceased in visible form, as must be if God were to assume humanity, a Holy Sprit remained, a vital power remains to-day, diffused, prevailing; independent of church or State or school or creed, though using all for the behoot of men, the largest in sweep from the spiritual world this world has ever known; slowly but surely eating out evil with good, slowly violence with persuasion, with many retrogressions, but eternal advance refining roughness into grace, force into courtesy, bullets into bal-lots, ballots into influence conquering hate with love, avenging wrong with benefit slowly evolving out of the beastliness of umanity through eternal order, its eterna GAIL HAMILTON.

Where Garfield First Taught School. Oblo State Journal, 1

The Archwological and Historical Society has received a picture of the log school house in which President Garfield taught school in 1851 in Muskingum county. General Garfield with his mother visited Muskingum county that year, and young Garfield employed the time in teaching.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Work is healthy. We do not wear out as fast as we would rust out. But when to work is added worry, then look out. Worry is a sapper and miner that will inevitably

undermine health and explode life.

Care, in one form or another, is the necessary accompaniment of mortality. There came to us emergencies which tax body, mind and soul. And daily we are put to it to find or invent ways and means in business and in the house-hold.

All the more, therefore, should we resolutely extract and deliberately discard petty worries, fussy anxieties, unnecessary frets—which are the worst of peace disturbers, draining vitality and superinducing insanity.

There is no end of absurd worry. Rich mes

worry lest they may lose their money and die in the poor house (what does it matter where a man dies, anyhow, so long as he lives usefully and well?). Mothers who are blessed with healthy children worry for fear they may be stricken and taken away. Housekeepers worry themselves sick and the household frebul and the servants into the street. Ministers worry about their work, forgetting that it is God's work. Children worry about their studies. Business men worry about trade, Everywhere, ninched faces, societing looks.

studies. Business men worry about their studies. Business men worry about trade. Everywhere, pinched faces, scowling looks, furrowed foreheads, showing that joy is out and furtive apprehension is in.

Stop this nonsense. Look the subject matter of your worry squarely in the face, take its measure—you will be surprised how small it is. Train your will not to admit this beggar into your life. It is largely an affair of will. Cultivate the habit of fixing your attention on better and brighter things. When tempted to dwell morbidly upon your annoyances, take down from yonder shelf the great book of memory and count over your mercies. Why doubt when trust is so easy?

Honest and constant occlipation is one of the best cures for worry. The vacant mind, the empty life, worries for lack of something to worry about. A wealthy man, retired from business, attempted to kill himself not long ago. When questioned as to his motive, he sald: "Oh, I got so tired of buttoning and unbuttoning." When the main occupation of an immortal soul is getting into and getting out of bed, suicide would be a relief. If immortality meant idlentess, one would prefer annihilation. "A man," says Emerson. "would hardly care to have a future life for the sake of wearing out his old boots."

Workers Needed.

The great demand of our day is for Christian workers, Unhapply, unlike other demands, this does not create the supply. Christians have no conscience here. They engage in work of this sort much as a city millionaire en-gages in farming, as a pastime, to be attended to whenever they feel like it. Some are like the passengers on an ocean steamer, who, when called upon in an emergency to help man the pumps, declined on the ground that that

get wet! Never before was there a time when the sail and the opportunity for Christian work was so great. But one difficulty is that we all have too many occupations. "Our time," as some one well says, "is frittered away on miscellaneous pursuits. Our strength is wasted over too wide a surface. We are not very good scholars, nor very good politicians, nor very good artisans, nor: very good men of affairs, nor very good worldlings, nor very good Christians, from trying to do a little in several of these characters; and some who do confine themselves to one thing, are so fercely in earnest about that one thing, as to have little time and strength for religious advancement."

Emerson never said a truer thing than this: "The secret of success in any sphere is concentration, not dissipation." If Christians would concentrate their thought, money, efforts, the world could be converted in a generation. We have got the machinery—the thing lacking is steam. Our churches need consecration. There are splendid exceptions, but the rank and file of the Christian army are looking at duty, in order to see where and how they can dodge it. Never before was there a time when the call

A missionary lately from Japan tells us that 7,000 Japanese Christians belonging to the misown divine order to touch our lower order lence and for the churches \$41,000. Consider with the breath of its higher life? lence and for the churches \$41,000. Considering the difference in wages, that sum would be equal to \$40 apiece for American Christians, which would mean for the 10,000,000 of American Christians \$400,000,000. If our churches and missionary societies had any such sum in their treasuries, how long would it be before all the world would hear the gospel? Scarcely a single year. It does us good to work out such a sum in arithmetic once in a while.

Gems of Thought. THERE are two reasons why we don't trust a man. One is, because we don't know him; and the other, because we do.— Witty Thoughts. MARRIAGE is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.-Colton.

Ir is just that we should suffer for our sin .-IF you associate with the wicked you will become wicked. - Menander. Can any one expect a sweet gift in return

for a bitter one?—Martial, Lar the child not learn what the man must afterward take pains to unlearn.-Qu THAT which is pleasing to God should be pleasing to man .- Seneca.

THE Gospel bids us be single-eyed-but not

ne-cycd:

'Twere better to pluck out one cyc, 'tis true,
Than having two to enter into hell:
But then, to enter heaven keeping two,
The lord, me thinks, would say were quite as

—Philipes. "LORD, teach us to pray," did not mean

merely "give us words to say," but rather "teach us what it is, in the heat of the day, among the trees of this regained garden, to walk and to talk with our Father."—A Pocket of Pebbles. UNIVERSAL sympathy soon becomes universal apathy.—Martyn. NEW religious are to be judged, not so much

by the men who make them, as by the men they make,—Joseph Cook. You find people ready enough to do the good

Samaritan without the oil and two pe Sidney Smith, "WELL, Jackson," said his minister, walking home after service with an industrious laborer, who was a constant attendant—"Well, Jackwho was a constant attendant—"Well, Jack-son, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest to you who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of it, for you are always seen at church." "Ah, sir," replied Jackson, "it is indeed a blessed day. I works hard all week, and then I comes to church, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing."— Southey.

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